

The TATLER

Christmas Number



CHRISTMAS and the WAIFS

OVER
5,000
CHILDREN
NOW IN
OUR CARE



Your CHRISTMAS GIFT will help us to give a measure of safety to the motherless children of our Fighting Forces, evacuees, orphans, and those rendered homeless because of the War.

The Smallest GIFT Gratefully received by The Secretary

WAIFS & STRAYS
KENNINGTON SOCIETY LONDON S.E.11.



Don't, please don't, forget our Cripples!

In war-time, welfare work is apt to be overlooked. But we, at John Groom's Crippleage, must carry on, for we have great and ever-increasing responsibilities.

Training Crippled Girls to enable them to become partially self-supporting is costly. We have over 300—all crippled beyond recovery. Our 150 orphan girls, whom we fully maintain from infancy to 15 years of age, had to be removed from Clacton to Bridgnorth,

Shropshire, at very considerable expense. In consequence, the popular fêtes at Clacton had to be abandoned. This, in itself, represents a serious loss of much-needed revenue. We are maintaining our other social services, but we are entirely dependent upon voluntary contributions and legacies, so we hope that all who can do so will send us a Christmas offering. *The call is urgent and the cause worthy.*

President: THE RT. HON. LORD RADSTOCK
Illustrated Annual Report gladly sent on request.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER-GIRLS' MISSION (INC.)

37, SEKFORDE STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON, E.C.1

CHRISTMAS CHARITIES

The British Prisoners of War Fund.

THIS Fund aids our men who were taken prisoners by tens of thousands in France. They were fighting to cover the Dunkirk retreat, or they were surrounded and overcome later on their way to Western France. There are also airmen to whom we owe everything. "Never," said Mr. Churchill, "did so many owe so much to so few." These men are now prisoners in Germany or in the countries Germany has now enslaved. They are ill-clad, badly housed, underfed. The Red Cross endeavours to send them food. But there is another society, the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund, of which Sir Hugh Walpole is the head, and we ask our readers to give and to give generously, thinking of all that these men endure for their country. The address is Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

It is right to remind everyone in this Empire that 270 and more boys and girls whose fathers are in the Forces are included in the Barnardo family of 8250 youngsters, who look forward, in spite of the war, to some measure of Christmas cheer. Please see what you can do towards the happiness of this huge family by sending a special Christmas gift—remembering that over 2700 Barnardo old boys are helping by land, sea and air to defend our freedom. Cheques, etc., should be sent to 330, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Royal Cancer Hospital.

This hospital claims to offer the greatest dividend on funds entrusted to its care. Every penny contributed to this worthy institution means hope for another sufferer from the dread disease of cancer. The return on your investment is measured not in figures, but in the lightness of a heart, in the uplifting of a downcast spirit, in the restoration of a human soul to the joy of living . . . remembering that this much is certain: wars between nations never endure, but the work of the Royal Cancer Hospital must go on that the terrible yearly total of over 70,000 deaths be confined and reduced and the menace of cancer swept away from our lives. Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.



A SALVATION ARMY MOBILE CANTEEN

The N.S.P.C.C.

Over 100,000 little ones are annually rescued by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children from all forms of cruelty and neglect, and an urgent plea is made on their behalf. Christmas is the children's festival, and contributions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Sir George Wyatt Truscott, Bt., N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

The Church Army.

The Church Army always looks forward to Christmas, though it brings so much extra work; looks forward to it because it is possible, by the generous support of friends, to make so many people happy—the aged, the poor, the homeless, the sick, the young. This year there will be added work. Royal Air Force men, A.R.P. workers, First Aid volunteers, Balloon Barrage men, members of the Army and the Navy—they will need to share in the amenities of Christmas cheer which the Church Army can provide.

TRUSTEES OF THE FUTURE



Children to-day—citizens to-morrow. Happy children—happy citizens, that is the law of life. The N.S.P.C.C. is moulding the future of thousands of to-morrow's citizens by saving them NOW from ill-treatment and neglect.

Will you do something for the citizens of the future by supporting the

N.S.P.C.C.
NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

The N.S.P.C.C. greatly needs your help to maintain its great work . . . a work of paramount importance to the individual and the community. Will you become an Annual Subscriber of, say, £1?

Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

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THE TATLER

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



LADY IN MINK

From the Portrait of Claire Luce by A. S. de MEGYES



"It was still snowing . . . an icy blizzard howled round the tent, and I crept in among the animals for warmth . . ."

Drawn by HAILSTONE



He turned sideways and stared into a face which it seemed to him he knew extremely well.

HECK LAUGHTON was a big, nice-looking young man who was very much prejudiced against Hollywood, because he thought it would be so unreal. When he got there he still thought it unreal, and he therefore still didn't like it. But he got stuck there. He got stuck, to begin with, because his job in motors folded up, and, to go on with, because he fell in love.

Heck was sitting in a sandwich bar having a coffee and a doughnut, eating, as was his habit, in a manner which one can only describe as dainty. The girl next him, whom he had not even noticed (for he was remarkably pure-minded) burst out laughing and said:—

"Land's sake! Don't you dunk?"

Heck turned sideways and stared into a face which it seemed to him he knew extremely well. Yes, indeed, who didn't? He recognised it as Miss Baby Loraine, his favourite film-star and a heart-throb to thousands with her wild loveliness and her gay, sham-cynical sentimentality. Even though she was decidedly less beautiful off the screen than on it, he still felt that she was pretty good. What a girl like that could be doing in a cheap lunch bar like that was hard to say. However, if there was one thing more than another that was well known about Miss Baby Loraine's private life it was that she was mad.

What the girl like that was in fact doing in the cheap lunch bar like that was taking

the astonished Heck's doughnut from his large paw, dunking it in his coffee and holding it up, all dripping, for him to eat. "Don't act so refined," she was telling him; "the way to

do with doughnuts is like this!"

Heck gazed admiringly at her and wondered for a moment if he could ask her to autograph the doughnut, as he certainly didn't want to eat the nasty, damp thing now. A second's reflection showed him that that was impracticable.

"Eat it up, 'cos Momma says so," she said.

"You eat it," said Heck simply; "I'd rather eat you."

"Right there with the come-back!" she said admiringly. And she did eat it, too.

Heck was enormously charmed with this unaffected beginning to what he rightly gauged would become quite a relationship. Out of all that phoney city, surely a big star like Miss Baby Loraine was in as much danger as anyone of becoming phoney. Such utter absence of swank or airs was truly something to notice.

"May I call you Baby?" he asked.

"Sure thing you can," she said. "May I call you Honey-boo?"

"Well, well," he said, "when I came to this low, lousy burg I never thought I'd meet a gen-u-ine article like you. I certainly didn't. Even your hair colour's real, isn't it?"

She hesitated only for the fraction of a second. No, she wouldn't lie to him. He was so darned sweet. If he was going to like her she wanted him to like her just as she was.

"Oh, I use a colour wash," she said.

"A sort of henna rinse. For fun, you know. I guess I'm kinda silly."

Heck looked at her with deepening admiration.

"Why, if you aren't the honestest gorgeous thing I ever met. I could eat you right up, even if I had to dunk you in the coffee."

She laughed with happiness and relief. "Talking of eating, mind if I bite your ear, fresh guy?" she said.

They were close up together and prattling like a couple of school kids, when she chanced to look at the time.

"Land's sakes!" she cried, jumping up in a panic, "I'm all but due back on the set. Next thing I know I'll be late."

And yet for an instant she hesitated. Which of them was going to say it first? She was lucky.

"Hey, put the brake on a minute, sweetheart! When do I see you again?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "Oh! Do you really mean it? Will you come and get me this evening at the studio? Please?"

"Will I come!"

"But promise! I'd hate to wait. To be disappointed," she said.

"Wild horses wouldn't stop me," he said, "and it's easy betting they've got some wild horses around this burg at that."

She turned back on a sudden, kissed him heartily, and darted for the door. Then she scuttled off. He was up in a minute, looking after her, and there she was scuttling. No long, cream-coloured saloon car or anything.

He was thinking about her so hard that he forgot to wonder why no one else at the bar had seemed to notice she was there. Anyway, maybe with a star so free of chi-chi, bars got used to taking her like anyone else. But she wasn't like anyone else. He could still see those big,

almond-shaped eyes sparkling with excitement over the high, delicately modelled cheek-bones. Those long, raying lashes—well, of course, they were made up. She was only a kid. And she'd been so sweet and honest about her hair.

To both of them it seemed that something very special had happened. Each one separately, they felt so gay. As she scuttled, rabbits and lambs seemed to scuttle with her, golden orioles sang, magnolia and syringa flowers unfolded in the sweet air.

"He'll come all right," she thought. "He meant it. He likes just myself. Me."

Though, of course, if you'd asked either of them, "Are you in love?" you'd have got an "Aw, shucks!" temporising kind of an answer.

Towards the end of the day's work a note was brought to Miss Baby Loraine from a very aggrieved man.

DEAR MISS LORAINÉ [it said]—They keep heaving me off the lot. Can't you leave some message or something so they don't heave people off the lot after you tell people to call round and see you. You won't remember my name it not having made the grade to get into the conversation, but you sure will remember you said to come round to-night. So what's this act everybody heaving me off the lot? Not that I mind, for your sake, so long as they end up heaving me in.

Respects from You Know Who.

Miss Loraine looked discouraged. She was in no mood for guessing games. This clearly couldn't be one of the gang. In a burst of hope that it might 'be some joke from Mr. Lawrence, her husband, or Mr. Bellamy, who resided with them and about whom she took such an *honi-soit-qui-mal-y-pense* line that people hardly questioned the arrangement, she asked if this guy really had been heaved off the lot. On hearing that yes, indeed, he had been, and repeatedly, her pretty face fell, and she said:—

"Aw, heave him into the dressing-room. Maybe I'll remember when I see him."

About half an hour later Baby drifted into her dressing-room, through with work and the great Mr. Da Rocca for the day. Tired, and thick with yellow make-up though she was, Heck could see that this was somebody half as beautiful again as the girl who had dunked his doughnut. She leant against the door and gazed at him, her wild eyes full of despair, for, of course, after all, she didn't remember anything about it whatever. Then she brightened.

"I gotta hunch it's insurance," she said. "Now see, you tell me all about it while I clean my face off and Fran will give you a drink. See, Fran, I'm all in; I'm so tired I could vomit, so make it champagne, sweetie. And see, take a glass yourself, Fran, with me and the gentleman, but don't let me have one more squawk out of you about the lining of your pop's stomach on account of I'm so tired I'd vomit. I sent my doc. round on account of he likes stomachs, so that lets me out. See, you, let's cut it out about insurance and just knock back the drink while I clean off my face. What's your name, bud?"

"Laughton."

"Impossible. The only Laughton I know is Charles and you can't be him."

"It's like this, Miss Loraine. There's been some kind of a mistake."

"You're telling me," said Baby. "I knew you weren't Charles."

Heck didn't know what to do. It seemed impossible to secure her attention. She kept on stalling him, partly because she wanted to sidestep the whole question of insurance, and partly because she naturally was vague. It was the most unreal thing that had ever happened to him, to be sitting here, in this fantastic dressing-room, with a beautiful stranger who was the very double of the girl he was looking for—only, of course, the boot was on the well-known other foot—being stalled, so that he wouldn't talk insurance, which he'd never talked in his life and planned not to start on now. To add to his discomfort, this flattered but nightmare version of his doughnut girl cleaned her face off and sketched in a new one publicly, and undressed and got into street clothes with him in the room. Sure, she undressed and dressed most considerably behind a screen, but he kept imagining everything, because of his lunch-bar adventure, and then his imaginings didn't content him, because this was the wrong girl.

If you're feeling unreal already and not liking it, champagne should be taken

and efficient (should need arise) at a Babylonian orgy; the next, this quiet, gently-pretty, unassuming, business-like mouse of a girl might be giggling like a mad thing.

Miss Baby Loraine had an excellent head for liquor. She also had, in spite of her importance in the world and a certain careless indifference, a sense of responsibility towards others. When she found that both Fran and Heck were overcome by her hospitality, it did not occur to her to dissociate herself from them.

"See what I get when I'm tired, on account of that's life!" she said bitterly, and began to steer them both, tottering, off the lot. She felt worried about Heck, because failing to sell her insurance was one thing, but seeming to have so failed through getting plastered was probably the sack. "I'll have to do something about the kid, darn it," she muttered to herself. She thought he'd better not go back to his lodgings, for fear of meeting a boss, colleague or rival.

(Continued overleaf)



It was the most unreal thing that had ever happened to him, to be sitting here in this fantastic dressing-room with a beautiful stranger who was the very double of the girl he was looking for.

sparingly. And Heck was pretty unaccustomed to champagne. But Fran, the dresser, at Miss Loraine's request, kept on filling everyone's glass. Fran was more accustomed than he, but she had a difficulty all her own. Her head for liquor was never the same two days running. One day she could be calm



When Grandpapa went dancing
He pranced at breakneck pace,
Collided and rebounded and from
Skirts tore yards of lace ;
Perspiring, panting partners
For safety to him clung ;
They took a chance in every dance,
When Grandpapa was young.

When Grandad danced the polka
Around the room he leapt ;
His partner in a dizzy whirl
Was tortuously swept ;
And cries of heartfelt anguish
From rosy lips were wrung ;
'Twas " Safety first " if he reversed
When Grandpapa was young.

And when they did the barn-dance
With joyous jump and bound,
Like Juggernauts they left a trail
Of victims on the ground ;
With feet in all directions
Ecstatically flung,
They kicked aloft till Grundy coughed,
When Grandpapa was young.

The after-supper Lancers
Made chaperons look glum ;
'Twas worse than any dog-fight in
Its pandemonium ;
And recklessly the fair ones
About the room were slung ;
The Ladies' Chain worked off champagne
When Grandpapa was young.

In frenzy fine he finished,
His shirt a sorry wreck,
And collar concertina-like
Cascading down his neck ;
His partner's frock festoon-like
In fragments round him hung,
And all was joy for girl and boy,
When Grandpapa was young.

R. B. VAN WART.



DENNIS MALLEY

Long before she reached her car various henchmen were supporting her two burdens for her, but she still had hold of Heck Laughton's arm when they bumped into Miss Lou Valentine, her stand-in. Lou Valentine bore a quite remarkable resemblance to the star, but she wasn't so pretty at the best of times, and now her face was marred with tears.

"Land's sakes!" she exclaimed, on seeing Heck and Baby. "Honey-boo!"

Baby Loraine was not very fond of Lou Valentine, her stand-in; but she was one who could take a detached view of things, and she never thought for a moment that it was anything against Miss Valentine that she herself didn't happen to like her. After all, there were not many women whom Miss Loraine did like, so it seemed to her that it would be simply silly to start giving way to prejudices; there'd be no end to it. Objectively she knew that Miss Valentine was a charming girl and a good worker. On seeing her, therefore, strike a dramatic attitude, pointing accusation at Heck, her face all stained with tears, Baby leapt to a conclusion which moved her to vexation but not to any criticism.

"Jeez!" she said, "it's like Tony and Hugo say." (She referred to her husband, Mr. Lawrence, and their friend, Mr. Bellamy.) "Things go in threes. Here's the damn stand-in plastered." She took a lightning decision, and addressed the crowd of attendants that had surged up round her.

"Get my car," she demanded, "and tell Joe to take Fran and Lou home; he knows both addresses, see. And see, get a damn taxicab and I'll take Charles here home with me."

But it was not for this that Lou had waited all evening and hoped and agonised and despaired.

"You!" said Lou, tears springing to her eyes again and freezing there with rage. "No, you don't. Over my dead body you do." She turned on Heck passionately. "And you! You beast! You double-crossing yellow-bellied rat!" she cried.

Heck made a movement, lost balance slightly, and executed a neat little dancing shuffle to recover it.

"Darling," he said, a trifle tremulously, for the longed-for meeting found him at an unmerited disadvantage, "didn't double-cross you. True as shteel. Josheph. You know, Potiphar's wife."

No one can blame Baby Loraine for losing her temper. He had outraged her sense of justice.

"No guy's going to call me Potiphar's wife and get away with it," she said. And she struck Heck, who immediately fell over. Amid all the buzz and tremor of unreality induced by champagne, he had no full appreciation of the indignity of his position;

he remained on the ground with a deprecating smile. From there he gazed up at Lou—at Lou, not Baby—as at a blurred angel hovering above him. But Miss Valentine took the incident very differently. Her feelings to Heck had certainly wavered in her first outraged chagrin at what had seemed to be his desertion; now they crystallised into a passionate loyalty. With a wailing cry she charged in his defence like a tigress for her young, violently grabbing handfuls of Baby's long, tawny hair. Without a moment's hesitation, screaming shrilly, the star tried to throttle her.

By the time they were separated, Mr. Da Rocca himself had arrived to join the throng that was milling round Miss Loraine and practically licking her shoes. Heck was lying on his back, smiling pleasantly. Lou was being held by a couple of camera-men, and bitterly weeping. Fran was weeping out of vague general sympathy. A fine flow of language issued from Baby's beautiful, curling mouth.

"Husha, husha, Baby Bambina, Lord up above!" said Mr. Da Rocca. "We locka her up, we sue her in de court, we chasa her outa da pictures, she starve, we beat her up."

"You stink," said Baby; "you all stink. Get me outa here. And if ever I set foot on your lousy set again—"

"Husha, husha, Lord up above!" pleaded Mr. Da Rocca; "mia beautiful Baby, we breaka da stand-in's neck!"

"I breaka everybody's damn neck, see," said his beautiful Baby, "on account of nobody isn't going to get away with it

(Continued on page 34)



She charged in his defence like a tigress for her young, grabbing handfuls of Baby's long, tawny hair



DIGGING FOR VICTORY

Drawn by C. Ambler

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD

Illustrated by Leo Dowd



... One of those patent siphons that one fills with water and with the help of a simple machine turns into a plausible imitation of an ordinary siphon

THERE 'LL always be a Christmas. ... In wartime Christmas becomes more important than usual, and right-thinking people made greater efforts than ever this year to have the traditional sort of family gathering.

The Moresbys (Wimbledon Moresbys, you know) have always been supporters of tradition, and here was an extra reason for festivity: Uncle Charles Moresby, rich and almost legendary, had come home after forty years in America, just to prove that he had not gone out as a refugee from Hitler. Of course he made Wimbledon his headquarters whilst he pestered the War Office to be allowed to enlist, and whilst the War Office with exquisite tact found reason after reason for postponing the matter.

But the party proper assembled only on the day before Christmas Eve. Young George Moresby had four days' leave because he had personally (in his fighter) shot down four Jerries. Diana had leave presumably because she must have found out something frightful about her A.T.S. superior officer. Mother Moresby — of canteen fame — gave herself leave. There was no Father Moresby.

Diana is pretty and dark. Uncle Charles (who had apparently endured some disciplinary experiences) loudly thanked Providence as soon as he saw her that she wasn't a blonde. Diana was nice to him. Uncle Charles, so pleased by this attention, stated at once that not only did she deserve a rich and noble husband, but that he would secure such a paragon for her himself—whatever trouble it entailed. And he made it clear that should she wed the man of whom he approved he would give her not so much a wedding present as a glittering prize.

This generous offer was not as welcome as one might have expected, because the individual Diana had already decided to marry had, as she was fully aware, only one distinction—she loved him. Not his fault that his name was John Smith; it was undoubtedly his doing that he was in the same squadron as Diana's brother. Since meeting Diana he had taken a great deal of trouble to get there, and still more to scrounge an invitation for Christmas, and as George Moresby is an easy-going individual and just about the same type as Mr. Smith—which means pretty good—John was invited. True, he hadn't earned his leave by shooting down four Jerries, but he bought it at great cost from another friend, who had destroyed six.

Assembled in what a house-agent had in happier days described as the lounge hall,



... the individual Diana had already decided to marry, had ... only one distinction: she loved him

everyone was sipping his or her Empire sherry and deferring to Uncle Charles. Mrs. Moresby was asking him whether he did not find it strange that Christmas could be cold instead of hot (she was never able to distinguish between America and Australia) when he suddenly seemed to grasp that his glass contained an alcoholic beverage. He put it down.

"It's nice of you," he said, "to keep up the old traditions and give us all wine, just because it's Christmas. But I hope it isn't done for me. I don't have to have it, and I know you've got to economise these days. I've bought a couple of bottles of port that will do for Christmas—but whatever this is, why, we're better without it. We don't need it."

Conversation languished, and George, John, Mrs. Moresby and Diana silently thanked Providence that the pooled bottles of gin were still securely hidden. Mrs. Moresby then said brightly that a glass of sherry on a cold night was often a good thing and stimulated appetite.

"Sherry, is it?" asked Uncle Charles. "Well, it's kind of you, Julia, but I guess we just don't need it."

"You're right, Uncle," said George. He made a face and put his glass down. "I know I don't."

"Good boy. Now I'm not a teetotaller or any of that nonsense, though usually I take nothing to drink—just coffee and perhaps a glass of ice



Uncle Charles ... loudly thanked Providence, as soon as he saw her, that she wasn't a blonde. Diana was nice to him

water—you don't have any of that over here, I know. But lately my doctor has advised a glass of whisky when I go to bed." He raised a solemn hand. "Don't misunderstand me. Whisky is expensive; I realise that, so I've bought just a little myself. I don't want you to provide me with whisky, Julia, in these days. Just put out a siphon for me, and before I go to bed I'll have my table-spoonful and be no trouble to anyone."

Somebody murmured the thanks of the assembly, but dinner that night was certainly austere, and even cider was rejected by everyone except the boldest—that is, George and John. Moreover, Uncle Charles evidently regarded the meal as an inspection parade. Head of the family, he might have forgotten that fact for forty years, but he was losing no more time in establishing his position. Everyone felt his eye. For example, he obviously noted that Diana and John Smith, who sat next to each other, were, to say the least of it, on friendly terms, and no one was surprised when he invited John to have a friendly chat with him in the small sitting-room that was known as the study, before bed-time.

The hour or so between dinner and chat had not been gay enough to encourage anyone to sit up, and George did not improve matters by dramatically shaking the victim's hand and bidding him good-bye, as John followed Uncle Charles with his head bent and his eyes cast down.

The siphon was there and one glass, and Uncle Charles measured out his evening tot and filled up with soda.

"Sit down," he said genially, "and tell me something about yourself."

John coughed in a deferential way. "There isn't much to tell you, sir."

"What's your position in life, young man? I mean, who are you and what are your prospects?"

"Well, sir, I'm a pilot officer in the same squadron as George, and—"

"I know, I know," interrupted Uncle Charles, "and all you young men are heroes. But I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of my grand-niece. You're pretty fond of her, aren't you?"

"Well, sir—"

"Are you or aren't you?"

"I'm very fond of Diana," said John. "I'm *really* fond of her, and I know she likes me—at least, I think she does."

"Well, as I'm head of this family—her poor father is dead—I must tell you straight out that I have other plans. Yes, I have other plans for Diana. I consider her a remarkably charming and intelligent girl, and I propose to make her my heiress. Do you consider yourself able to support her as—er—as she ought to be supported?"

"Well, sir, I have a little money of my own, and I've been trained as an engineer, and at the end of the war—"

"The end of this war, young man, is quite another matter. If you are not a fortune-hunter I expect you to refrain from forcing your attentions upon her."

Uncle Charles began to feel less sure of himself, and therefore began to bluster. John, the soul of politeness as a rule, showed some natural annoyance.

"I was invited here by Mrs. Moresby, sir," he said. "Are you suggesting that I should suddenly push off—not stay here for Christmas?"

"I leave that to your good sense and chivalry," said Uncle Charles.

"Then," said John, "I'm afraid you're leaving it to the wrong person. I'll go if Diana tells me to. And I don't think she will."

There was a brief silence. Uncle Charles finished his weak drink and stood up.

"I don't pretend to know how to manage young people," he said, rather more mildly. "I dare say it's a long time since I was young myself. I dare say you think I'm an impudent, interfering old interloper; but I do think my niece Diana is a credit to herself as well as to her family, and as



Uncle Charles was out. And John and George put him to bed

marriage is and always will be so important to a woman, I maintain she should not throw herself away on the first decent fellow who takes her fancy."

He wagged his fat finger. "I was talking to you as man to man. I suppose I forgot that you're barely grown up."

"You forgot quite a packet, sir," said John. "Good-night."

The interview abruptly ended.

Next day was Christmas Eve.

Uncle Charles, as old men will, got up early and considered it a virtue that he couldn't sleep as late as he would have done thirty years ago. That put him in an irritatingly superior position with everybody else, who looked upon a holiday as a late breakfast day. (Nor did it endear him to the cook.)

Diana and John, by a pleasant coincidence, came down together, and, observing the old man through the hinge of the half-open dining-room door, retired to the drawing-room and laid a plan.

It was Christmas Eve, remember—no chance of an escape on Christmas Day—

but Christmas Eve they *would* have for themselves. John's aged car—of the scalded cat variety—had more than enough petrol for a trip to London proper and back, and although night clubs and the like were a bit diminished, it would still be possible to celebrate—what both of them knew they'd have to celebrate—before the day was over.

So John then went into the dining-room and greeted the old boy civilly enough, if distantly, and had some coldish bacon and some colder coffee, and rubbed his hands and said he'd had a marvellous sleep. Diana went to the kitchen and procured some hot food—and plenty of it.

Uncle Charles was a bit grumpy because, as he said, it was ridiculous that only Mrs. Moresby got up in decent time for breakfast. He said he supposed Diana had forgotten there was a war on and was probably having a tray in her bedroom. John said, of course, he didn't know anything about that. And when George came

down later still, John slipped away and did the necessary poking about in the innards of his aged car that was always desirable, particularly on a cold morning, when any especial effort might be expected of it.

It was whilst he was doing that salutary overhaul that the great idea dawned upon him. Like any well-conducted young man who has been invited to spend Christmas with the family to which he hopes shortly to become allied, he had arrived with a present, and as there was a war on, he had been at pains to produce something that would be acceptable, useful and economical. In short, he had brought one of those patent siphons that one fills with water and, with the help of a simple machine, turns into a plausible imitation of an ordinary siphon of soda-water.

His idea hinged on that siphon, and it was so simple, so original, so obvious and so safe that it had the hall-mark of pure genius. And to be a genius at breakfast time is given to very few people. Keeping out of sight of everyone else he managed to get hold of George, and he told George the gist

of his conversation overnight with Uncle Charles and of his plans for the day, and of his further plans for the evening. Would George co-operate? George would co-operate . . .

There was no official programme for the family that morning. Uncle Charles did not play golf, and anyway the nearest golf course had been rendered unsafe by the local Home Guard, who boasted that they shot to kill, so Mrs. Moresby had already decided to show Uncle Charles the sandbags round the parish church and then to introduce him to the Vicar.

(Lunch would be cold.)

The Vicar, a staunch imperialist, greeted Uncle Charles with enthusiasm. He showed him not only the sandbags, but the eighteenth-century East Window and the Norman font that had been found under Mr. Upfold's barn when the latter was burnt down. He delicately hinted that he was starting a fund to enlarge the parish hall. He called attention to the dilapidated condition of the organ. He said that the parish really needed an additional curate, and only lack of money prevented him from engaging one. He suggested . . .

Uncle Charles escaped in time, but he arrived at lunch with the air of a man who has been held up by bandits, so that cold repast of corned beef, potatoes, salad and jam roll was half-finished before he realised that Diana was not there. And John Smith was not there either. He commented on the fact, and Mrs. Moresby and George tried to reassure him.

"Oh, they've probably gone over to see the Fowlers at Long Duntan," said Mrs. Moresby. "Very old friends of ours."

"Yes," said George, "and young Fowler was at school with John, so he wanted to meet them again. They'll be back."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Moresby. "They won't be long. Now what would you like to do this afternoon?"

"I've promised to help Michael with a job of ratting," said George. He did not particularise further. Uncle Charles looked a thought discouraged.

"I guess I'll go for a walk. It doesn't look like rain. What about it, Julia?"

"I was just going to suggest that very thing," said Mrs. Moresby brightly. "We have some really lovely walks round here, and by tea-time the others are bound to be back."

But by tea-time the others were not back.

"You don't wait tea for young people who have no idea of punctuality?" he suggested.

"Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Moresby. "They know what time tea is, and in these days of rationing I'm certainly not going to make them any more. Probably they've got some on the way. . . ."

"Why, Uncle Charles, I don't believe I've shown you our one greenhouse. How careless of me. We've been growing all kinds of vegetables in it—just warm enough to keep out the frost. Do come and tell me what you think of it."

Uncle Charles said briefly and crossly that greenhouses seen in a black-out are seldom interesting. "I think I'll go to the study," he said, "and attend to some correspondence."

Mrs. Moresby was worried. Any good mother must be disturbed when a very rich relative who has already promised to

"Nasty old man," said George. "I don't care if he's as rich as Cræsus, that's no reason why he should behave as if he'd bought us. Has he paid for us?"

"George, you're impossible. Do you think they'll be back for dinner?"

"I not only know they won't be back for dinner, I'll bet you anything you like they won't. Why should they? We've got a party to-morrow night, but not to-night. Can't my own friend, with my approval, take my sister out on Christmas Eve in wartime?"

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Moresby. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Tell Uncle Charles at dinner-time that you've had a telephone message to say that the Scalded Cat has broken down, but they'll be back later."

"I don't like this lying," said Mrs. Moresby, "but I suppose it's the only way." So at dinner the bad news was reported to Uncle Charles, who received it in glowering silence. And without any suggestion of making himself agreeable in the drawing-room afterwards, he retired again to the study with his pipe and a book. Later, George himself came in with the siphon and put it silently down and silently departed. Uncle Charles, deep in his thriller, did not even grunt.

Then George returned to his mother. "Don't worry," he said, "everything's going to be all right, and the young persons will be back here before you know. They promised me they wouldn't be late. Now you go to bed. An early night will do you good."

"I know you're up to something," said his poor mother. "But I know, too, it's no use asking you what it is."

"No use at all," said George brightly. "Leave it all to me. 'Head of the family'!" said George contemptuously. "You leave that to me, too!"

"Good-night, dear; I think I will go to bed. But do call me if anything happens."

"You won't need calling,"

said George; "everything is arranged."

Mrs. Moresby had learned to be a fatalist. She went to bed and slept.

Meantime, Uncle Charles, reading his thriller and smoking his pipe, found it difficult to get up a real interest in the body in the library and the usual idiotic Superintendent from Scotland Yard. By his side was the modest decanter containing his whisky, and a very large siphon. He decided for once, as he was a trifle thirsty and could not yet go to bed, to split his diminutive ration into two and have a drink at once. So he poured out about enough whisky to cover the bottom of the glass, splashed in a little soda and drank.

(Continued on page 36)



"Well, if this isn't dirt—you're going to be very, very rich!"

bequeath his wealth to her offspring is obviously of the opinion that the offspring is going out of her way to avoid him. At Christmas, too.

When Uncle Charles disappeared into the study, therefore, she grabbed her son. "What are those two doing?" she demanded.

"I don't know," said George. "But if Diana can't go for a run with John on Christmas Eve—what is this house, a concentration camp?"

"George, you know what I mean. Uncle Charles is furious, I can see, and you know how rich he is and what a fancy he's taken to Diana."

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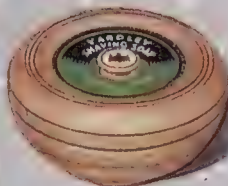
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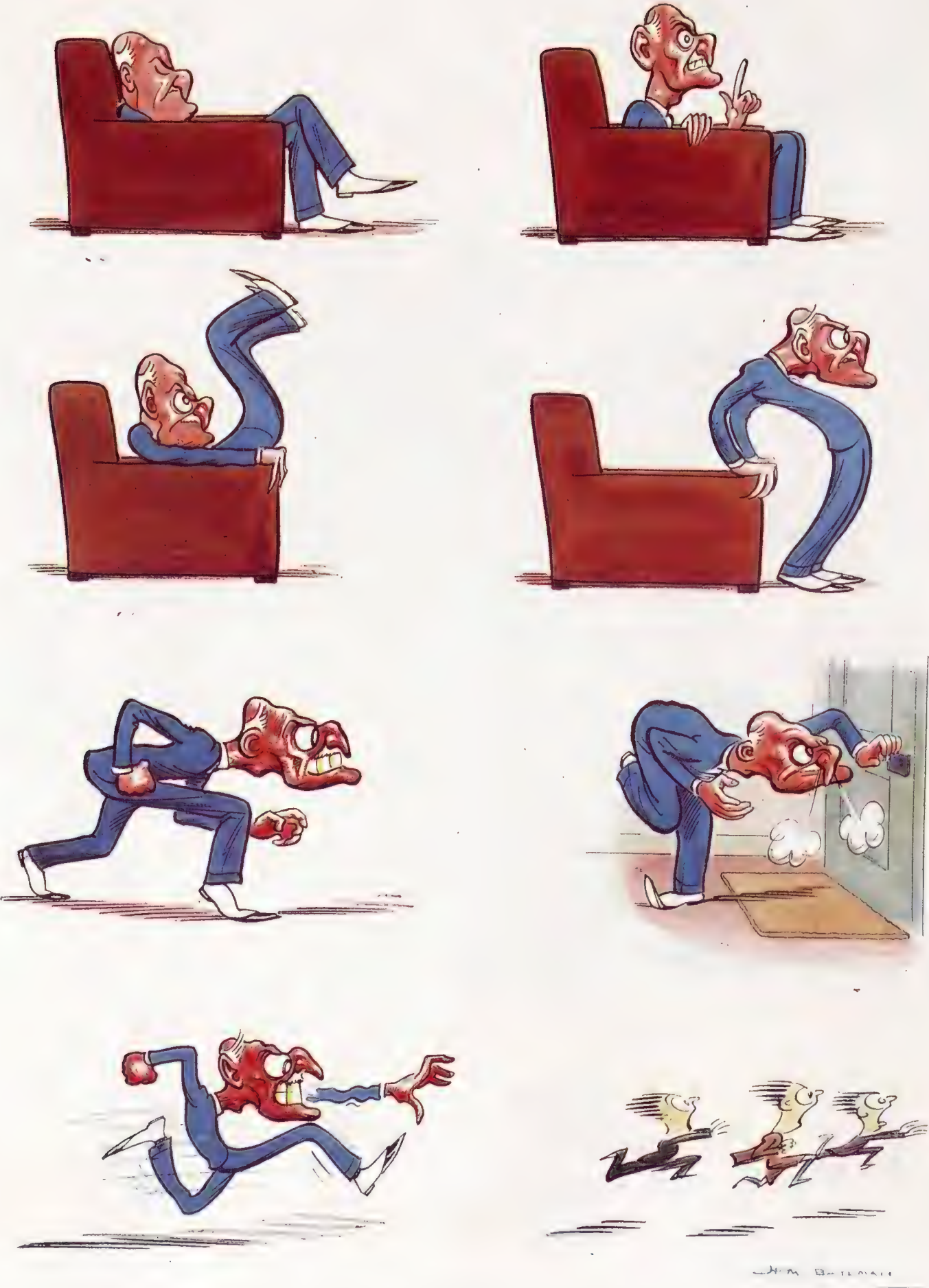
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THE COLONEL AND THE CAROLS
Drawn by H. M. BATEMAN



TIME MARCHES ON!

Drawn by FITZ



"I THINK IT'S ABSURD TO SAY—

Drawn by



—YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT—

ANTON



"BUT I UNDERSTOOD THERE WAS AT LEAST AN INCH AT HAMPSTEAD"

Drawn by HAILSTONE



THE DOG SHOP

From the water-colour by C. AMBLER



BEHIND THE SCENES

From the painting by DRIAN



THE MYTH

From the painting by A. DAVIS



REVIEW OF BRITISH CAVALRY BY MARLBOROUGH

After the water-colour painting

The seven regiments of British Cavalry had just arrived with new uniforms, weapons and horses. Prince Eugene of Savoy, who commanded a small Austrian Army, said to Marlborough: "My Lord, I never saw better horses and accoutrements. But money will buy fine horses. But that lively air I see in the men's faces it cannot buy." "Sir," said Marlborough, "it may be attributed to their heartiness in the public cause and to the pleasure and satisfaction in seeing your Highness." The time was Marlborough's advance to the Danube.

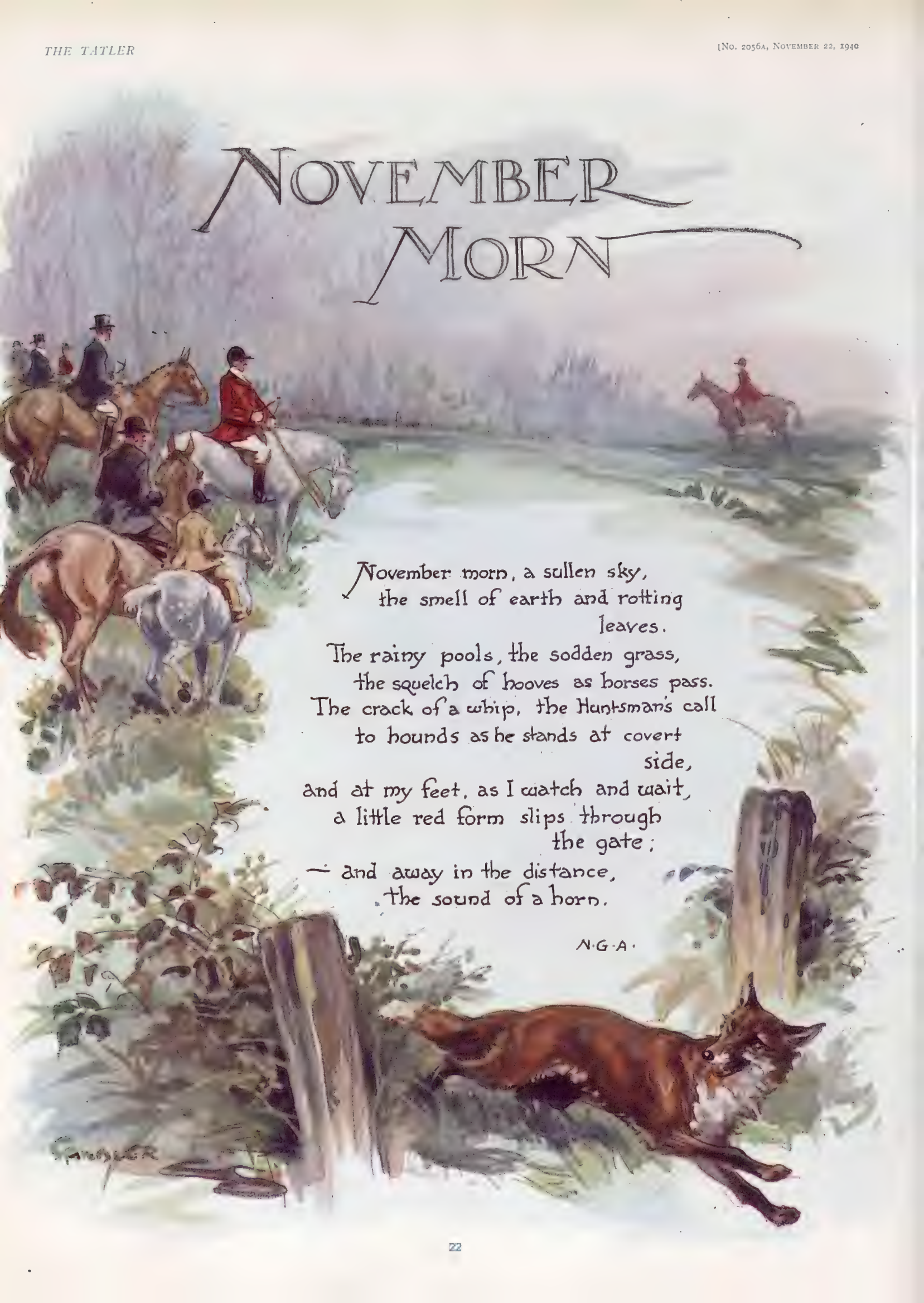


ND PRINCE EUGENE AT HEPPACH, JUNE 11th 1704.

Y LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

The following regiments were present : The Scots Greys ; The Royal Irish Dragoons (now disbanded) ; The King's Dragoon Guards ; Cadogan's Horse (The 5th Dragoon Guards) ; The 6th and 7th Dragoon Guards. The artist's beautiful picture depicts Cadogan's Horse, The 5th Dragoon Guards. The 5th Dragoon Guards was amalgamated (1922) with the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, and are now the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. In 1704 they were Cadogan's Horse, and wore red coats, not uncommon with Dragoon regiments, with buff facings.

NOVEMBER MORN



November morn, a sullen sky,
the smell of earth and rotting
leaves.

The rainy pools, the sodden grass,
the squelch of hooves as horses pass.
The crack of a whip, the Huntsman's call
to hounds as he stands at covert
side,
and at my feet, as I watch and wait,
a little red form slips through
the gate;

— and away in the distance,
the sound of a horn.

N.G.A.



GOING WITH THE WIND

By H. M. BATEMAN



THE RING-MASTER

From the painting by J. YOUNG GILROY



"YES, I'VE COUNTED AND I MAKE IT 41 TOO!"

Drawn by H. BOTTERILL

A RUBY WORTH ELEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS

By
GERALD KERSH

Illustrated by Tony Weare



A waitress said to the cashier—"Eh, look! Look at the Dook!"

SMALL and weary, neat yet faintly picturesque, Mr. Ypsilanti walked into the tea-shop. A waitress said to the cashier, "Eh, look! Look at the Dook."

The vestiges of an outlandish elegance covered Mr. Ypsilanti from head to foot. His hat was of a peculiar shape; you could guess how, thirty years ago, he had discussed that brim, that band, and that peculiar crown with some hatter to the nobility and gentry. No other man could have worn such a hat—or, for that matter, Ypsilanti's extraordinary tight-waisted overcoat with its quaint velvet collar. The skirts of this coat were long and full. Beneath them Ypsilanti's legs moved slowly and with a painful steadiness in their long, narrow, check trousers. He even wore cloth-topped boots and carried, with an air of indescribable self-possession, a black stick with an ivory crook and a pair of washed-out chamois leather gloves. Sitting at a vacant table, he placed his hat on an adjacent chair, dropped his gloves upon it and, with prodigious care, leaned his cane against his knees.

Meanwhile, he looked at his reflection in one of the tea-shop mirrors, and with his right hand fumbled under his coat. He saw himself—undeniably bald, indubitably very old. If his eyes had retained their light, time had crumpled the skin of his face as a woman crumples a tear-stained handkerchief. Out of a chaos of wrinkles and a maze of folds, his nose jutted like a tower that survives a ruin. His moustache descended heavily in two strong curves like the horns of a gnu. He assured himself, with a slight sigh, that he was still a distinguished-looking old gentleman. But old, exceedingly old. Still, thought Mr. Ypsilanti, it is perhaps a good thing. It means that my wardrobe will last out my time. The hand under his coat ceased its fumbling. It had been counting and re-counting the money that was to see the old gentleman through the week—one florin and two pennies. To make sure, he counted it once again. There was, at the back of his mind, a little haunting fear—that he might, one day, go into a café and drink his twopenny cup of coffee and then, putting a hand into his pocket, find nothing.

"Sir," said the waitress.

"If you please," said Mr. Ypsilanti.

"A small cup of black coffee."

"Small black, sir?"

"If you will be so very kind."

He sat back and waited.

It would be nice, thought Mr. Ypsilanti, it would be nice if to-day were fine and warm; if it were April now instead of October; if I were forty years younger, and if this were Paris. Or Bucharest. I might be sitting now in Manolescu's, with a little glass of cognac in front of me and one of those long cigarettes which the Archduke had sent to him from Egypt in bundles of fifty, and each bundle wrapped in yellow silk. Yes, it would be very pleasant in Bucharest or Paris, if this were May and I were thirty again. . . . I daresay Count von X. would pass. We should cut each other dead. But he would still have, by heaven, that scar across his cheek which I gave him when we met at dawn in the baron's garden. Yes, indeed, it never was my way to permit a Prussian, or any other man, to speak slightly of a lady for whom I entertain sentiments of the profoundest respect and admiration. I said to him:

"Sir, you are a pig. Here is my card."

And he replied, "Herr Ypsilanti, we meet."

These Potsdam strutters, with their sabre cuts! With broadsword or with rapier, épée and dagger, pistols or anything else, I could have taught that person manners. . . . And the lady! Vjena! If she is still alive, she must be seventy-two or seventy-three. Better, somehow, that she should not be alive, because a woman like that, all life and light, she does not take kindly to old age. Personally, praise God, I am resigned. I have acquired philosophy. But women—hm! They do not so readily become philosophical—not women like Vjena. She was a strange woman—she was as light as thistledown, merely beautiful and nothing more. And yet, by heaven! it seems—yes, it really does seem—that Vjena knew what it was really to love—that is to say, to give, to give away, to make a sacrifice. Was I a fool? Yes, I was a fool. No, I was not. Did I love that woman Vjena? I thought I did. I think I did. No doubt I did. What that Prussian said of her, perhaps, was true. Then what? An actress has her friends, makes her conquests. Faithless, yes, she was faithless. I mean fickle. To give her

her due she was no liar. She did not say to me, like that red-headed Italian woman, "I adore you, I worship you, I love you and only you"—while all the time there was a young officer in the wardrobe. "I like you," she said. Like, not love. Yes, she was worth fighting for. I begrudge nothing. I regret nothing.

"Thank you, madam," said Mr. Ypsilanti to the waitress, and put sugar in his coffee. He looked about him. The tea-shop was in the Charing Cross Road. The anxious people who wait and hope, living upon air, at the doors of the agents' offices were drifting in for morning coffee. Four men and a woman were seated at a table on Mr. Ypsilanti's left. One of the men was a giant, eight feet tall, who lived mysteriously on the edges of the cabarets. He was accompanied by a midget and a boxer. The fourth man was talking to the woman. She had the air of a dancer—one of those struggling blondes who make up the proletariat of theatrical life—tall, slender, with a face like any other woman's face, something of the chorine's pallor underlying excessive rouge; jaunty, in a hat like a bird's nest, and carefully holding her tea-cup away from a marmot coat. She was holding a ring set with a red stone, and saying:

"It's nice, Tim, and I like it. I like it very much, but isn't it dear?"

The man called Tim said: "What I mean to say, I defy you, may I be paralysed this minute, I defy you and Hatton Garden, do you hear—I defy any pawnbroker in this country to tell that stone apart from a pigeon-blood ruby. And look at the setting. Eighteen-carat platinite, may I never live to move away from this table. Dear? It's worth its weight in Why, I don't know what it's worth its weight in. It's got class, that ring. You could go anywhere in that ring. I tell you what I'll do, Juney. I'll do you this ring for 7s. 6d."

"I can't run to it," said the girl.

Tim replied, "You can't afford to be without a ring like this. All right, cost price 6s. 6d."

"Make it a dollar," said the girl.

Tim said: "Is there any snow all over me? Have I got a white beard? Did I drive up in a sledge? Do I look like Santa Claus? All right, have it for a dollar. I'm a fool to myself."

"I'll pay you Friday," said the girl.

"You'll pay me now," said Tim.

"Half a crown now and half a crown Friday," said the girl.

"You're ruining me," said Tim. "All right. Give me your half a dollar now. And mind you give me the return half-dollar Friday."

The girl put the ring on the third finger of her left hand, breathed on the red stone and polished it. It glinted ruddily—six-pennyworth of faceted glass.

"Tell me honestly, Tiny," she said to the giant. "Does it look as if I paid a dollar for it?"

The giant said, "No."

"What do you mean, 'no'?" said the girl.

"All right then, yes," said the giant.

Mr. Ypsilanti stared at the ring with a preoccupied air. The girl turned to him with a worried grimace and said:

"Would you say this cost a dollar?"

Mr. Ypsilanti rose and, bowing with courtly grace, said:

"Madam, it is exactly like a ruby for which I paid eleven hundred pounds many years ago."

Then he sat down again.

That poor bit of glass, he thought. If that were a real ruby it would be worth as much as my ruby. That beautiful ruby! The things one does! But what did I care about rubies or their value, with an income of a million kronen a year. Money? When one has so much money, money does not exist. One does not have to bother with it. That Vjena! The business of the champagne! A hundred miles from anywhere in the height of summer, she wants champagne. And I, like a fool—but what does it matter—send men on horses to Budapest, for champagne and ice in a basket. All the caprices of the devil! Two thousand kronen that bottle cost, and then she says:

"On second thoughts, I would rather drink Cointreau." That must have been the only time I became angry with her. The only time I ever said no.

"You're mean," she said. And what did I do? I sent Heinrich to her house and had him fill her bath with Cointreau—two hundred and forty bottles of it.

All gone down the drain. And she takes a fancy to my ruby. Do I say:

"Vjena, take anything, anything in the world—take all my jewellery, take half my income, take my Arab horses

[Continued on a later page]



"Vjena, forgive me, I am an ill-mannered brute. I should have offered it to you before!" And I take off the ring and put it on her finger

Tony Keane



1910: "ISN'T HE HIGH UP?"



1940: "ISN'T HE LOW DOWN?"

Drawn by HEWITT

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HAIG in every HOME



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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

*Standard Kinds Assorted**Breakfast Biscuits*

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"How now, Sir Giles? You look as though you had seen a human being"

Drawn by Nicolas Bentley



By MARY DUNN

With acknowledgments to "Sapper"

"EIGHT—and two makes ten. Ten pints of the old and bold, my trusty varlet. That's better than a slap in the belly with a wet halibut."

These somewhat surprising words came from the mouth of one of the largest individuals on world record—certainly the largest in the record of Little Thrapston, in Norfolk, of whose Home Guard he was a member. In face he would have compared unfavourably with Robert Taylor; in fact, his friends had been known to say that it was liable to make hens go broody and give the baby a squint. And that, mark you, from men who would cheerfully have died for Bulldog Drummond.

The "trusty varlet," James Denny by name, sucked his teeth in appreciation of the compliment.

"Mrs. Drummond's idea, sir," he said modestly. "'The Captain will never get through a night on guard in the churchyard without ale,' she said, so I had orders to bring this here picnic-basket along."

"Good for Phyllis," said her husband proudly. "But for her I should probably have gone mad with boredom—made card-houses with the hymn-books or chewed bits out of the organ-loft. However," he continued, "you'd better buzz off now, Denny. Tell Mrs. Drummond I'll be back for breakfast."

"If you're still alive."

Drummond swung round. The words came from the only other occupant of the observation-post—a bull-necked man called Tucket whom Drummond knew little—and that much he didn't particularly care for.

"What the devil do you mean?" he enquired sharply.

"Only that by morning Little Thrapston might be bombed to blazes—or invaded."

Was it Drummond's fancy or was there a faintly triumphant tone in the last words? Surely this inflated cheese-mite couldn't be Fifth Column? True, his golf handicap ran into three figures, but that seemed his most dangerous pastime. Drummond did some rapid thinking.

"If that's the case, old lad of the village," he boomed, "I'm going to have my beauty sleep now. Wake me at ten—and for God's sake don't drink all the beer!"

Five minutes later Drummond was breathing regularly, like a man in deep sleep. In reality, every sense—and Hugh was well known to possess the sixth in a marked

degree—was alert. After a moment a very faint clink came to his ears and he opened his eyes warily. Tucket was doing something to the beer.

Before Hugh could formulate a plan there came another development, however. A subdued buzzing, very like a wasp, came from the opposite side of the post. And suddenly Drummond's eye happened to light on one of the sand-bags which surrounded them. And behold, it was not quite as other sand-bags. . . .

WITH a stealthy glance at Hugh, who rapidly shut his eyes and gave a most convincing snore, Tucket moved to the other side, and when Drummond looked again he almost gasped; the whole face of the sandbag was false and swung back like a cupboard door. And inside was a field telephone.

"In three minutes . . . the vestry . . . right. Trefoil . . . Sleeping peacefully. . .



Drummond's eye happened to light on one of the sand-bags . . . and behold, it was not quite as other sand-bags

I'll put him out, though. . . . Yes. . . . Good-bye."

A moment later there came a smell of chloroform as Tucket bent over him; and then, as so often in the past, the poor man got the shock of his young life as two steel hands gripped his throat. . . . There came a roaring in his ears . . . and all was silence. . .

With uncanny surefootedness Drummond dodged from gravestone to gravestone. If there was mischief afoot in the vestry, it was essential that he should reach the guard-room and report without being spotted. His knowledge of churches was rudimentary, but he had a vague idea that vestries were at what he irreverently called the blunt end of a church. Consequently he skirted round

Illustrated by Hewitt

the other end—by the tower. And he was not two feet from the wall when a torch was flashed in his face, and a voice demanded "Password."

"Trefoil," said Hugh on an impulse, and realised he had made a lucky shot. Five seconds later the heavy door closed behind him. Bulldog Drummond had burnt his boats.

HUGH stood in the darkest corner of the vestry and hoped devoutly they wouldn't spot him. Because his life, under such circumstances, would have undoubtedly have weighed light against a rotten banana. For that which he heard unfolded was nothing short of a plan—perfect in every detail—for seizing the broadcasting and power stations in England that night. And the signal was to come from Little Thrapston—unless he could prevent it.

Hugh ground his teeth in impotent fury to think of Hodges, the burly constable, on point duty not a hundred yards away; of the Squire, who was head of the local Home Guard—stupid, but brave as a lion—probably sipping his vintage port and saying that invasion was all tommy-rot. While all the time—but it must not be. Somehow, some way, Hugh must prevent it.

Apparently the fun and games were not due to start till A.X.52 arrived—whoever that might be. And suddenly there came to his ears the uneven throb of a German 'plane overhead. The meeting stirred excitedly and a tall man who was evidently in command went to the door.

"A.X.52," he said. "Stay where you are and I will receive him."

Five minutes later Drummond saw with astonishment the man return, carrying a white parachute in his arms. Behind him came a frail, white-haired priest, his gentle face beaming love and goodwill to all. So this was A.X.52.

"My good friends," he said—and Drummond started at something familiar in the slightly foreign accent—"you all know why I am here. The hour is ripe. All our plans are set. Heil, Hitler! Do your duty and—Who is that man over there?"

THE last words were rapped out with something like a feminine shriek of terror. And as a dozen hands seized and thrust him into the circle of light, the truth suddenly dawned on Drummond, and, despite his imminent danger, he let forth a shout of laughter.

"Irma, by the living Jingo!" he burred. "Our one and only Irma in the rôle of a holy spy! Come and embrace me, my poppet!" and he advanced merrily towards the doorway where she was standing.

But Irma Peterson was taking no risks with Bulldog Drummond.

"Tie him up!" she snapped. "*Mon Dieu*, but you've bungled this show! Tie him up—and quickly!"

Eleven to one is long odds. Nevertheless, two men were lying unconscious and three more groaning with pain before Hugh was eventually secured.



Eleven to one is long odds!

"Now which of you contemptible yokels can suggest a safe place where he can be put till eleven o'clock? After that he can do no harm."

A man stepped forward. "I used to be bellringer here, sir—I mean madam," he stammered. "There's a kind of platform half-way up this tower—they use it to get at the bells—where he'd be safe enough."

"Then get him there quickly," said Irma, "and see that he is tied so that he can't escape."

"He won't do that," said the man maliciously. "There's only a ladder, which we'll move—and the only other way out is a forty-foot drop on to a stone floor."

"You hear that, Hugh? How will you like that, *mon ami*?" enquired Irma gently as she watched five men grunting with the effort of moving the bound form of her old enemy.

"My angel child," murmured that worthy, "is this quite up to form? I have been drowned, hit on the neck by a crow-bar, injected with some hell concoction of our late-lamented Carl, to say nothing of having been gassed, together with several of my friends, by Lakington. And now——"

But Irma was not listening.

"His friends!" she cried sharply. "Darrell, Longworth, Jerningham, Seymour—are they in the neighbourhood?"

And Hugh cursed himself roundly as he heard someone say: "Yes. Longworth and Jerningham are Home Guard. They'll be on duty now."

AND so it was with a sick heart that, some forty minutes later, Hugh saw the inert forms of his two friends bundled on to the platform beside him.

"Like trussed fowls," said one of the men who brought them. "And I hope you like it, you young swine! Afterwards, when the Führer is here, we'll hand you over to the Gestapo. You'll enjoy that, won't you?" And he thrust his face close to Algy Longworth's.

"Laddie," said Algy, "I thank God I am short-sighted, for, with my eyeglass in, the sight of your repulsive visage at close range would do me in. I should call for Mother and pass away."

Nevertheless, when the men had gone it was with grave faces that Longworth and Jerningham listened to Hugh's story. And all the time the church clock above their heads was ticking away the minutes that were of vital importance to their country.

"Is there nothing sharp in this bally place, Hugh?" enquired Jerningham. "Though if we did cut these damned ropes I'm jiggered if I know what we could do."

"Damnall!" said Hugh shortly. "I managed to shuffle round the platform twice. Every stone is worn smooth with age."

"What about shouting?" suggested Algy.

For five minutes they yelled with all the power in their lungs. The only result was that several pigeons had heart attack.

"The bells!" groaned Hugh. "If only we could get to the bells!"

It was heart-rending. Not six feet from where the platform ended dangled the ropes of the great church-bells—one peal from which would have roused the neighbourhood to its danger.

Quarter past ten . . . half past . . . quarter to eleven struck. And now the three listened in silence, the only movement coming from Algy, who, with one hand which was partially free from the ropes that bound him, was playing absent-mindedly with his eyeglass on its cord.

Suddenly Hugh caught sight of the movement and let out a great shout.

"Algy—you flat-headed skate!" he yelled. "Why the blazes didn't you tell me you wore that damn-fool monocle on duty? And I'm a triple-distilled fool," he added, "for not noticing it. Quick, man—break it with your free hand against the wall!"

After three or four attempts—for his wrist was not free—the eyeglass was broken and Algy started to cut through the cords which bound Drummond's arms to his sides. It was slow work—and it was typical of Hugh that although he knew the value of every second he uttered no word of

impatience—but eventually it was done. Drummond's first action was to look at his watch.

"Ye gods!" he cried. "It's three minutes to eleven. There's not a second to lose!"

"But your legs, Hugh!" objected Algy.

"No time, old boy!" said Drummond, and with a quick heave he jerked himself to his feet. "Those bells must be rung before eleven or we're sunk!"

Then suddenly they saw what he was going to do. For a man with the use of his legs to jump off that platform and catch on to a dangling rope was a hazardous proceeding. For one with his feet tied together it was almost certain suicide. They saw him measure the distance with his eye and test the spring of the boards. And Jerningham heard himself cry out, "Don't do it, Hugh!"

It was too late. With a mighty leap in the air their leader shot into space. They saw his hands reach out for a rope, grasp it, tighten on it, and get his knees round it. Then quickly he disappeared from view, sliding down the bell-rope to safety. A moment later a great clanging in their ears told them all that the alarm had been given, and their country saved.

THE following Sunday Drummond and his wife and friends were gathered together in Hugh's garden over the matutinal beer when a note was brought by Denny.

"From the Squire," said Drummond. "I wonder what he wants."

"You old goat," said Phyllis fondly, "you can't save the country without some recognition, you know. He's probably recommending you for a K.B.E."



With a mighty leap in the air their leader shot into space

"God forbid!" said Hugh, opening the note.

"Dear Drummond," he read out, "in recognition of your conscientious work in giving the alarm for what was, of course, only an invasion scare, I have pleasure in sending you your Lance-Corporal's stripe. . . ."

"There is only one answer to that," said Bulldog Drummond, laughing weakly, "and that is more beer—much, much more beer."

And it was so. . . .

THE END.

TROUBLE ON THE LOT

(Continued from page 6)

calling me Potiphar's wife." She broke off. She had remembered something. Her sense of justice was working again, and she stopped screaming. "It wasn't her called me names," she said; "it's this stiff Charles here what's fallen down on account of he isn't feeling good."

"I breaka his neck," said Mr. Da Rocca simply.

Miss Valentine's sobs redoubled in violence, and she struggled against the camera-men.

"Don't break his neck," she wailed, a true woman in love, "break mine. I pulled Miss Loraine's unspeakable hair."

"Oh, let her go," said Baby to the camera-men.

Lou struck another dramatic attitude and pointed denunciation at Baby Loraine.

"You have everything," she sobbed, "money, fame, success, beauty, men, and I'm the poor stand-in slaving to save you trouble and build you up, as good as you are, and haven't got nothing at all. And not content with all that, along comes the one thing I care for, the only man I ever loved comes for me, and you pinch him. You lure him to your dressing-room and make' him plastered so he forgets me, and right in front of my face you say your chauffeur's to take me away while he goes home with you. And then on top of everything else, when you've broken my heart, you bust him one and knock him down."

Miss Baby Loraine said with a touch of dignity that she had never wanted the bum, and requested Miss Valentine, as a big personal favour, to keep him out of her dressing-room. Any other dressing-room at all, but not hers. Then she turned an enchanting smile on Mr. Da Rocca.

"Basilio," she said, "on account of I've been upset, let's all have some more champagne, see?"

Lou Valentine was kneeling beside Heck, helping him to rise. He was sobering up.

"Darling," he said, "it's you I loved. I always loved you."

"I'm not as pretty as Miss Loraine," said Lou, with a pathos that aroused all the tenderness and chivalry in him.

"You're so pretty, you're the only woman I've ever wanted to marry," he said. "The way you

fought for me! Will you marry me, sweetheart?"

"I sure will," said Lou. And after they had kissed for a bit, she added, "By the way, dear, what's your name?"

Miss Baby Loraine, having carefully propped Fran against Mr. Da Rocca, was drinking champagne again to get back into shape before getting home to Tony Lawrence and Hugo Bellamy. She was pretty well restored to good humour, though she swung the bottle a little threateningly as Fran started muttering under her breath about unsatisfactory linings of stomachs.

"Well," said Baby, raising a brimming glass, "I drink happiness to these two characters on account of they've got engaged. I hope you'll be stopping on as stand-in for me, Lou, see? and you'll get a swell wedding present from me and from the studios. And as to you, you big soak, on account of there's no hard

feeling, I guess I'll have to buy all that insurance."

"I've been trying to tell you, Miss Loraine," said Heck, "I don't sell insurance." Baby's eyes dilated.

"So you come to my dressing-room and waste my time and get plastered and land me with an evening like this and you don't—sell—insurance. What in hell did you say you did for, then?"

She dropped her glass, she swung back her arm, and she slapped him for all she was worth with the flat of her hand across the jaw.

As Heck subsided again, half-stupefied, and the camera-men, with great presence of mind, pinioned Lou Valentine, Miss Baby Loraine swept to her car, remarking with bitter satisfaction:

"I'll teach him to go round fooling folk that he sells insurance."

THE END.



"This is Agent Q5, Colonel. He's going to attempt an entry into Berchtesgaden, via the chimney."



YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

By George Ternent

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT—

(Continued from page 10)

"Funny," said Uncle Charles aloud, smacking his lips; "must have a slight cold coming on." He held up his glass to the light. No, it was about the same strength as usual. He sniffed at his pipe-bowl. Yes, there was a difference in the smell of that, too. Ah, well, one must expect colds in England at such a time of year. And he finished his drink and sat back.

It was comfortable in that little room, but damnably quiet. He hadn't expected to spend Christmas Eve alone in a little sitting-room in Wimbledon. All the way over he had pictured himself the admired centre of a merry crowd of young people. What had gone wrong? He put down the exasperating thriller and decided to think things out. Somebody was spoiling his Christmas. Gee! he was spoiling it himself. Wasn't it silly to be so irritable and unsociable just because two young people drove over to see some friends and had a little trouble with their aged car? Of course it was. After all, not only was Diana a remarkably beautiful girl (he'd never remembered a good-looking Moresby before), but a sensible one. And John Smith, no doubt, could not be blamed. Probably he was explaining to Diana at that very moment that he must make himself worthy of her before he asked her to share his life.

The good old honest British spirit!

Uncle Charles decided he ought to make amends. He had presents for all the family upstairs, and no doubt to-morrow morning they'd serve to put him in a better light with everybody. But would he wait till to-morrow? He decided he would stay quietly where he was until Diana and John Smith returned, and then come out the soul of geniality and avuncular benediction. He'd come out, Uncle Charles promised himself, without a shade of disapproval and hope they'd enjoyed themselves. He even began to regret he had not thought of bringing down one of those two bottles of special port—brought all the way from America—at dinner, just to show Julia and George that he wasn't a spoil-sport. Something clearly had come over Uncle Charles—a wave of Christmas sentiment that would have aroused the approval of the late Charles Dickens. Uncle Charles dozed.

He woke up at about eleven. A faint noise that sounded like a car had roused him. He listened. Were they back? Dead silence again. Uncle Charles decided he wasn't feeling very well. He was tired. He would go to bed. Probably they had not come back and would not be back for hours yet. And he was still thirsty—must have been something he ate at dinner—he poured out the other half of his nightly tablespoonful of whisky and, fretfully regretting the absence of ice this time, filled his glass right up and drank it off.

The result was quite alarming. Uncle Charles no doubt had drunk too quickly, with the impatience of his returned irritability. "Hup!" said Uncle Charles, far too loudly for decorum. Always an imaginative man, that sudden unexpected noise in so quiet a room struck him as humorous. He laughed, and his laugh, ringing out loudly too, amused him further.

"Har-hah—Hup! Har-hah—Hup!"

He did not hear a faint snigger behind the study door. But he did a few moments later hear a light tenor voice singing something about a nightingale in Berkeley Square. Uncle Charles considered the words unlikely. Now if it had been Bloomsbury; and he remembered, too, somebody half a century ago who lived in Bloomsbury and who had certainly been a nightingale if ever there was one. It struck him also that voice and feathers could not have endured so long, and that sudden realisation made him cry.



"Don't forget, always look at the name of the 'ouse before we play"

He cried noisily, and suddenly, and then as suddenly stopped and struggled to his feet.

At the back of his mind—which seemed to be watching him—an awful suspicion dawned, but before he could do anything about it the door opened and in came John Smith.

"Why, Mr. Moresby," said John, "I didn't know you sang. Why—!"

"Sing?" said Uncle Charles, mopping his eyes; "wasn't me—that nightingale."

"I see," said John. "Well, let's forget it. Now, how about a real song that will do your voice justice. How about 'Roll Out the Barrel'? That's a real tune." He began it.

To do Uncle Charles justice he also sang the first few bars quite creditably, and then age, fatigue, regrets and something else proved too much for him and he crashed, destroying a small table, quite a valuable vase and three repulsive photographs of unidentified friends.

Uncle Charles was out.

And John and George put him to bed.

The noise, of course, as George had prophesied, roused Mrs. Moresby, but she was easily convinced that the affair was in good hands and retired again. Somehow aspirin was forced down Uncle Charles's throat, and the evening was over.

What remained of the whisky John and George shared. What remained of the aerated gin in the Christmas-present siphon they carefully restored to one of the family bottles, and they washed out the siphon and recharged it.

Then they went to bed.

Next day their luck still held. The young are notoriously cruel, and George aroused his uncle in the morning with a grave face and in his hand the empty decanter of whisky. Thanks to that aspirin the victim was able to take notice.

"Good-morning, Uncle Charles; I hope you're feeling better. No, don't apologise; it was our fault for leaving you alone, but you did say you wanted to be alone, you know."

"Did I?" said Uncle Charles feebly.

"You certainly did. And I suppose that was why you drank all your whisky. Well, we're terribly sorry, mother and I. You must think we were most inhospitable."

Uncle Charles clasped his throbbing head.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Give me a glass of water. What—what did Diana say about all this?"

"Diana? Why, she was in bed and asleep before you started to sing. Don't you worry about Diana; she didn't hear anything."

"She didn't hear anything? . . . You won't tell her, will you, my boy?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Charles! I'm not a spoil-sport. I won't tell her."

"And your young friend, Smith?"

"Well, of course, that's different, I'm afraid. I gather you were—well, a little discouraging to him the other day, weren't you?"

"Send him to me," said Uncle Charles in a faint voice.

So the Wimbledon Moresbys had a really festive Christmas, and one must admit that when John and Diana married they got an exceptional wedding present from Uncle Charles—in fact, a glittering prize.

Yes, there'll always be a Christmas—we hope.

THE END.

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UNDER • ROYAL • PATRONAGE



"I daren't wake you, dear; doctor said I mustn't in any circumstances—because of shock or something."

AN American staying at a certain coast resort had an engagement to play golf with a friend, who did not put in a punctual appearance. The American, who was waiting on the first tee, decided to go to the club-house and telephone to his partner, and, not wishing to take his heavy kit with him, he said to a bystander: "Excuse me, but would you look after these clubs till I come back?"

"Sir," rejoined the bystander, with ruffled dignity, "I'd have you know that I'm the mayor of this town."

"Never mind. I'll take the risk."

BRIDGET, the maid, approached her mistress.

"Oi would loike a week's holiday, madam," she said. "Oi wants to be married."

Her mistress gave her a week's holiday, a white dress, a veil, and a cake.

At the end of the week Bridget returned. "Oh, madam," she exclaimed, "Oi was the most lovely bride. My dress was perfect, my veil lovely, and the cake wonderful."

"Well, this sounds delightful," said her mistress. "I hope you've got a good husband."

Bridget's tone changed. "Now, madam, an' what d'ye think? The spalpeen never turned up!"

STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE

"**H**AVE a cigar?" said the man with the smiling face.

"I don't mind if I do," said his friend. "But what's the occasion? Why this lavish display?"

"Oh, I've got an addition to the family."

"You don't say so? Congratulations!" said the other man enthusiastically, as he put a match to his cigar. After a few puffs he observed: "About the fifth child, I should say."

HE arrived home late, very late. But as he had won a prize in the club raffle he felt that his wife might perhaps overlook it this time. Walking as quietly as he could upstairs, he handed her the oil-lamp he had won.

She was not impressed.

"Yes," she remarked acidly, "it's just like you. It looks all right, but it wants a lot of looking after. It's

unsteady on its legs; when it's half-oiled it's inclined to explode; it flares up; it's out at bedtime and it smokes too much."

THESE two are taken from the "New York American":

The worried patient wandered into the doctor's office.

"Doc," he complained, "my throat is bothering me. It's been giving me a great deal of trouble."

The medico reached for the wooden spoon. "Open your mouth and say 'ah,'" he ordered.

The patient did so. The doctor put aside the spoon.

"There's nothing wrong with your throat," he announced. "I don't see how it can be giving you trouble. What are the symptoms?"

The patient looked extremely sorrowful.

"It keeps me broke all the time," he stated sadly.

"H-m-m," mused the medico. "That's a very odd symptom. I don't get the connection."

The patient sighed.

"Well," he explained, "every time I get near a saloon my throat grows terribly dry!"

THE bored gentleman hurried into the run-down railway depot of the one-horse town.

He had spent a miserable three days in the burg and he was only too glad to get away. He galloped over to the ticket window.

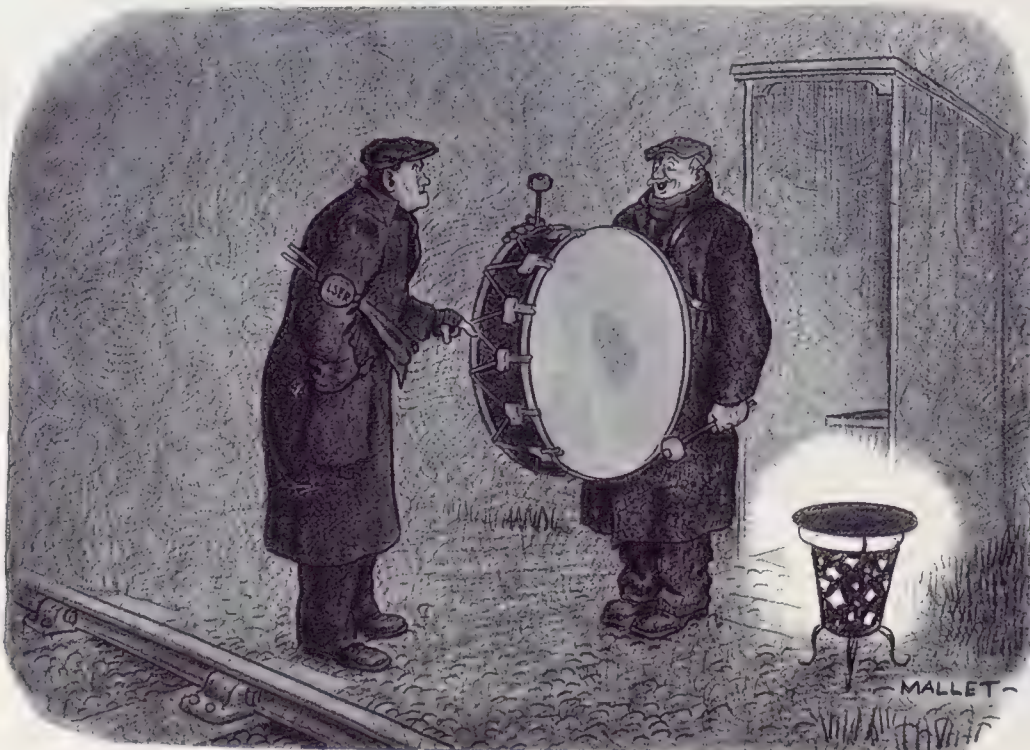
"When does the next train leave for Chicago?" he asked.

The clerk looked up.

"There's one leaving in a few minutes," he replied.

The bored one cast his eyes about the dingy depot.

"H-m-m," he snorted, "I don't blame it!"



"S'orl right, foreman, I run aht o' fog-signals"

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"I want Two Volunteers for a very dangerous mission"

Drawn by H. H. Harris

A RUBY WORTH ELEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS (Continued from page 27)

and my prize English bull—take my house, take my estate, but leave me this ruby?" Do I say: "Vjena, this ruby was my father's, my father's father's, and so on for many generations?" That it is an heirloom, a thing from which a man may not part; a bit of his life, a portion of his soul, a possession of his family? No. I say:

"Vjena, forgive me, I am an ill-mannered brute. I should have offered it to you before!" And I take it off and put it on her finger.

I really think that for that moment she loved me—really loved me just for that moment. . . . And then what happens? She runs off with—of all things—a Dutchman and marries him, and that is the end of her. It brought me bad luck, parting with that ruby. I don't know, some men never learn sense. Ten years passed. I look in at Smith's, in Bond Street, to buy a plain gold collar stud, and he, that little Scotsman, he says:

"Monsieur Ypsilanti likes rubies?"

And I say, "Yes." And he says, "Give yourself the trouble of looking at this one."

And, by God! there it is, like sunlight imprisoned in blood.

"What the hell," I say to him. "Where did you get this?"

And "This," he says, "was sold to me by Madame Van de Baer, the lady who used to be La Vjena."

And then, imbecile that I am, something in my chest becomes hollow and my heart goes pattering like raindrops, and I say:

"She must be hard pressed if she is selling her jewels."

"Ah, yes," says Smith, "poor as a church mouse. Her husband has been speculating."

"On what?"

"I believe, sir, houses."

"How much did you pay her?"

"Monsieur Ypsilanti, she is an old customer and an old friend. I paid her £1000. This, Monsieur Ypsilanti, is about the last of the lady's jewels. She said she had a sentimental regard for it. Still, one cannot live on sentimental regards, Monsieur Ypsilanti."

"No," I say, "no! And to me, how much?"

"To you, sir, £1100."

I stick out my little finger and he puts the ring on it and I write him a cheque. Ah! does a man never learn sense?

"Where is she living now?" I ask.

"Baker Street," says Smith, "Number so-and-so."

So I take a walk, and I buy a fresh gardenia and I call on her, and as God is my judge, she is sorely changed. Poor little Vjena, where now are the eyes that sent Europe hopping mad, and the vigour that inspired all the journalists and poets? Where are the little hands like flowers? They are all gone, and she is fat and heavy, with just a trace—thank heaven, at least a trace—of the old light, the old fire.

"You do not remember me," I say. And she says:

"Let me see——"

And looking in the glass over her shoulder, I see that I also have lost something that used to be there.

"Why, it is you!"

And I say, "Yes, it is me. And I have come to bring you back a little sentimental something which lately went astray."

Ass that I am, I whip off the ring again, stick it on her finger again, and am gone, without so much as a good-bye. Romance! As if I had been a boy of twenty. Sentiment! And me with something of a liver, and pouches under the eyes. Now if I had that ruby at this moment, would I do the same again? I would see myself damned first. I would put that ring on my finger and spend this half-crown in my pocket on a taxi to Lejaune, in George Street; Hanover Square. And I would flip it on the counter and say:

"Lejaune, my old friend, this time I have come to sell something. How much will you



"Don't want a Lewis gun—want a Bren!"

give me for this ruby?" For Lejaune would not swindle me. He has had many thousands of my good pounds in his time. It was worth a thousand then, now it would be worth two, so I should get seventeen hundred and fifty, perhaps eighteen hundred—I, with a couple of shillings in the world between me and next Wednesday; and merely two pounds ten to come then. I should learn again the feel of a white banknote.

"Give it to me," I should say, "in fifties." And then I should buy myself a very fine gardenia, and I should go to my landlady and say:

"Madame, for two years now I have occupied your top back room, and our relations have never been anything but amiable. Dear lady, I should say, 'I am leaving you now for more commodious lodgings. Permit me to have the honour

of offering you this fifty-pound note as a small token of my esteem for you and your family."

By Heaven! then she would go pale as a ghost; because, to her, that fifty-pound note would represent salvation—six months' immunity from the horror of the rates collector; boots for the children, and some bills paid off.

Thank God, I have given more than I have taken, in this life; so that, with a couple of hundred pounds in my pocket and a gardenia in my button-hole, and one of my own cigars between my teeth—with a face-massage and a smile on my lips, I could go the round of the town, paying every debt I have in this world. And Martin, who, with such delicacy, offered me a good dinner last year—Martin, who did not forget me—I would not forget Martin. I should take him to Claridge's and buy him the whole kitchen and the whole cellar, and then we would drink a little glass of old brandy and smoke our cigars and talk of the days when we were both full of youth and folly and riches, and threw gold in handfuls, by the Lord, up and down the roads of the world, and painted the day red and the night white.

"Ha!" said Ypsilanti aloud, and the giant giggled.

He paid for his coffee and left the tea-shop. And then, he thought, in the cool of the evening, well-fed and happy, we would walk away into Bond Street to Piccadilly, perhaps stop somewhere and drink another coffee and another brandy, and then—ah! with what a sigh of relief would I lie down and sleep, knowing that there was money in my pocket and more in the bank, and that in the morning a polite little man would come to me with coffee in a silver pot and a croissant with fresh butter and a Turkish cigarette, which I should smoke while I listened to the musical tinkle of the water running into my bath. I should be happy again. Content! Content to walk in the park and sit and smoke and drink my wine and think a little and have something to spare, to give away.

Out of the gathering mist there came a man who slunk in rags, and said:

"Guv'ner, can you spare twopence for——"

"Why, yes," said Ypsilanti; thrust a finger and thumb into his waistcoat, withdrew his two-shilling piece, and dropped it into the outstretched palm.

Even as he did so, he realised what he had done.

The vision faded. The old gentleman looked blankly to the left and to the right; to the damp grey street which ran from the Irving Statue away to St. Giles's Circus.

"No," he said to himself, "you will never learn sense." Squared his shoulders, grasped his cane, and walked away.

THE END.



WEDNESDAY—DECEMBER 25th

He's guessed right again. Or perhaps it isn't a guess at all. He knows, bless him, that Bear Brand stockings are as lovely as the heart could wish, and quite Methuselah-like in their livelong qualities, and because they're so very fairly priced, he gives me more pairs than I really deserve. (Bless him again!)

Bear Brand
PURE SILK STOCKINGS



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**TAKE
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"**
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Doctors recommend Eno's!

A FEW MORE STORIES

"THE best thing for you," said the doctor, "is to give up drinking and smoking, go to bed early every night, and get up early in the morning. That is, go to bed when the siren goes and get up with the 'All clear.'"

"Doctor," said the patient earnestly, "I don't feel I deserve the best. What's the second best?"

FOR some time some strange birds had been following the ship, and one woman passenger got curious, asking everybody all sorts of questions. At dinner she began again.

"Captain," she said, "can't you tell me where those birds come from?"

Weary of her questions, the captain turned to the first officer, and asked plaintively: "Can you say where those birds come from?"

"Eggs, sir!" was the prompt reply.

AN old lady was pestering an airman with questions:

"Have you ever seen an accident?" she asked.

"Only one," he replied, fed-up by this time: "A parachutist jumped off just as the pilot looped the loop, and he went up instead of down, and we have never heard of him since."



"Looks like another Round Table, Arthur"

CHARLIE was the most bashful lad in the village. Naturally the family were not a little astonished when he announced one evening that he was going courting. After spending over an hour getting ready, he set out. Half an hour later he returned, looking very pleased with himself.

"You're soon back," said the mother. "How did you get on?"

"All right," said Charlie, with a grin.

"Did you see her?"

"Ay, I did an' all. An' if Oi 'adn't ducked down be'ind the 'edge, she'd 'ave seen Oi, too."

THEY met in the street.

"I say," said the first, "do you remember one wet night you came round and I lent you a silk umbrella? Can I have it back?"

"Oh," said the second, "I found it was my own, so I kept it."

"Great Scott!" said the first. "And here have I been dodging old Brown for months, thinking it was his."

IN WARTIME

Because the need is so much greater this year, the Church Army must have more help if it is to give Christmas a real meaning to many thousands. Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., founder and Hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army, who is now in his ninety-fourth year, looks forward to receiving generous donations at Church Army headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

The Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army War Work has been in operation just over a year. When the work was organised in September 1939 it was hoped to open Red Shield Clubs for Service men and women at the rate of one per day during the first year. That hope was more than realised, as 320 clubs were opened in Great Britain and nearly 60 among the B.E.F. in France, although the latter had to be abandoned when the British Forces evacuated, with a loss to the Salvation Army of some £65,000 worth of buildings, stores and equipment. Plans are in hand for the opening of 50 more clubs in Great Britain within the next few weeks, many of them at R.A.F. centres, where they are particularly appreciated. It is the aim of the Salvation Army War Welfare Work to meet every kind of need wherever Service men and women are stationed, and centres are operating in many parts of the Empire, as well as in many camps and garrison towns in Britain. In addition, a fleet of over 70 mobile canteens is in operation, the cars making regular visits to

isolated units—such as Balloon Barrage men, Observer Corps posts, coastal defence groups, etc. These cars are more than refreshment cars, although the hot tea and cakes they distribute are always welcome.

The Waifs and Strays Society.

For the first time in its history the Society's family is over the 5000 mark—at the moment it is 5004. Many of the children have fathers in one of the Services and practically every day requests for help are received from men in the



THE CHURCH ARMY

Prebendary Carlile, the founder, now in his 94th year, and Miss Carlile at the Church Army Hostel near Paddington Station with men of the fighting services

Forces. The Society has given considerable help with the removal to safe areas of children under five from the bombed districts of London. Most of those children are homeless and have no relatives or friends who can take them away, and up to the present 600 such children have been received. Many of them are boarded out and the others are being accommodated in the nineteen special homes opened for the purpose. Nearly forty of the Society's homes have had to be evacuated from danger areas, and in every one of the 110 homes in different parts of the country special arrangements had to be made for protection against air raids. Although this has been done as reasonably as possible, the total cost is considerable. Since the outbreak of war the Society's income has decreased, while the cost of living has risen and it makes it very difficult to carry on.

John Groom's Crippleage

and Flower-Girls' Mission.

It has recently been rendered necessary to evacuate the Orphanage from Clacton-on-Sea and remove it to Bridgnorth, Shropshire, where it has 150 orphan girls under full care. At Edgware Way the Orphanage has 200 cripple girls making artificial flowers, and there are also some employed at Clerkenwell. At Clacton a series of fêtes has brought in about £2000 per annum, but that has all gone west and funds are therefore urgently needed to carry on this good work.

Christmas Greetings

Greetings to the brave men who are defending our land, to the very poor, to the lonely, the aged, and to gentlewomen in distress . . . may their Christmas be one of happiness.

If you will play a part in the Church Army Christmas Programme you will help to ensure this happiness for many.

A large Centre for Troops can be provided and named for £500, a Mobile Canteen (which works among isolated Units) for £250.

Please send your greetings to:—

Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., Church Army,
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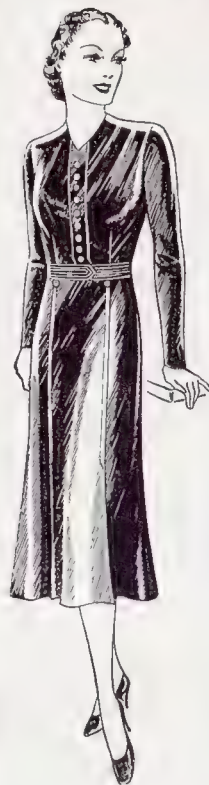


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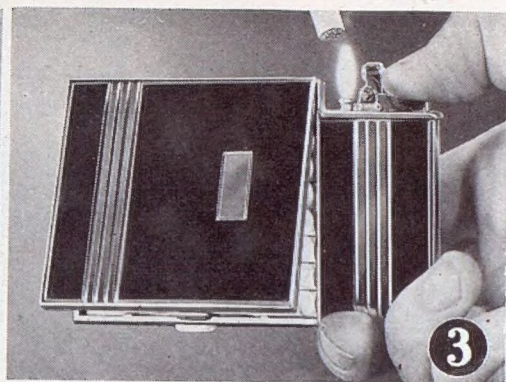
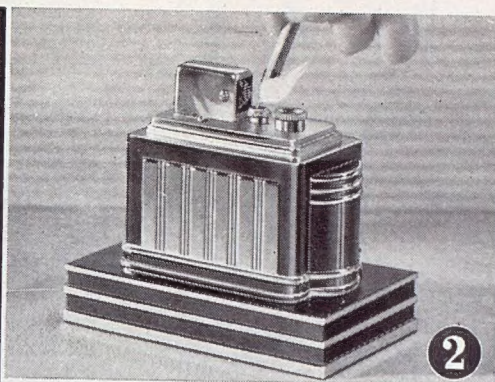
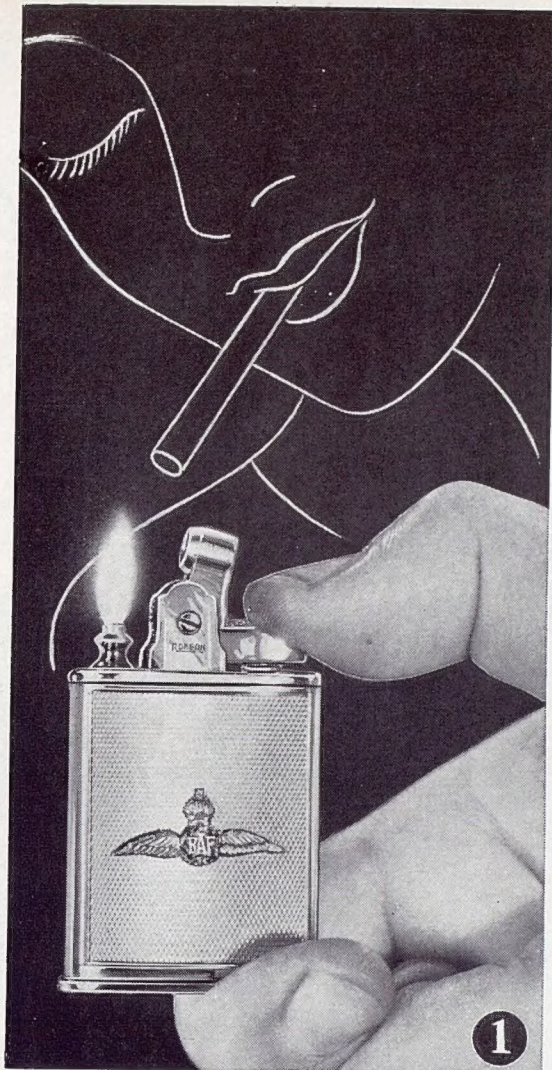
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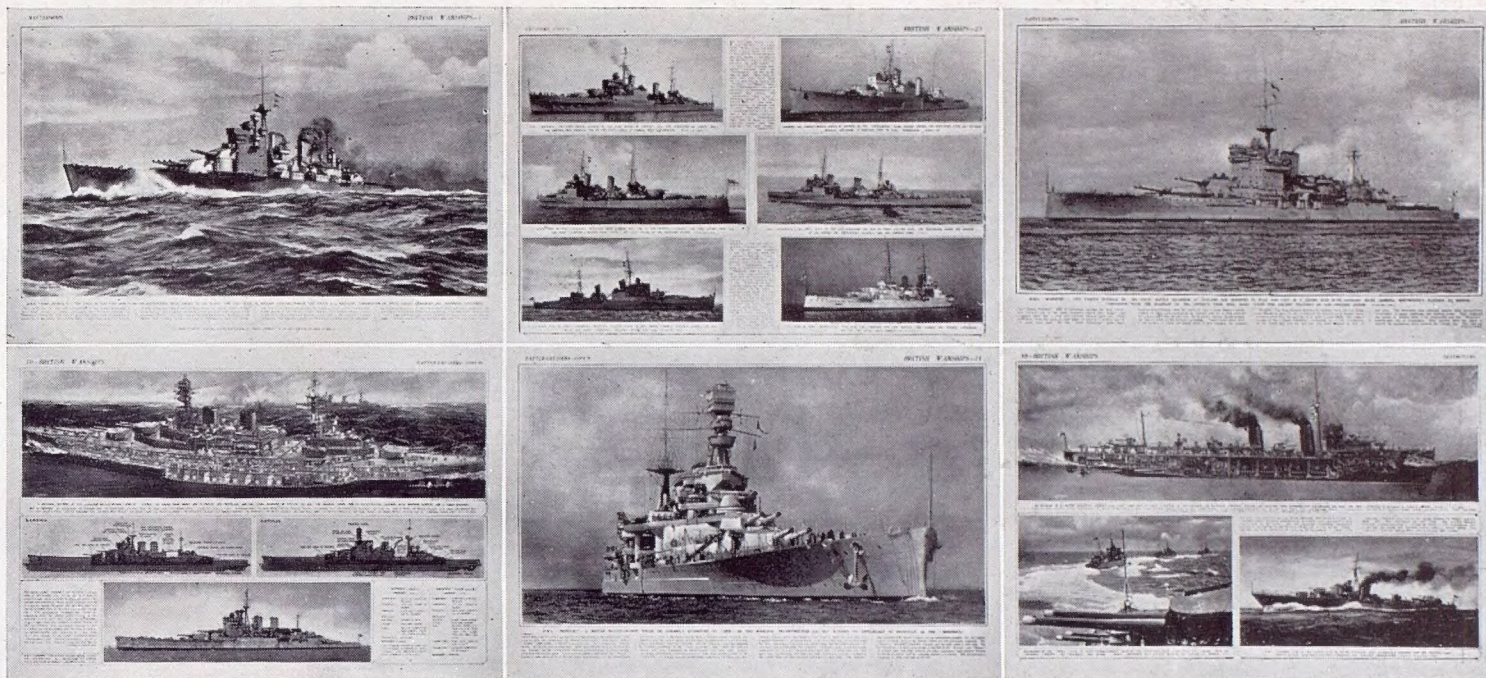


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